

# EL <br> IRAQ) 

BAGHDAD COLLEGE YEARBOOK


## Graduation

## June

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## IN THIS ISSUE

In "When Fortune Smiles" Marcel Pahlawan has given us an ingenious prophecy of Fifth which, prophecy aside, can stand on its own merits as an interesting story.

In "The Curved Road" Ara Kurkjian gives us a short story with an O. Henry ending.

In "We, the Youth" Clement Shummas outlines the Credo of youth in a way that is a credit to one just completing his first year in English.
"Our Lady's Juggler" is an old story told anew. The boys of Second were given a 'skeleton' of the story and Aram Seropian has made from his skeleton a living moving story.

Elwin Kennedy in his story breaks up the monotony of the desert with a dash of adventure.

## EL IRAQI

## BAGHDAD COLLEGE YEARBOOK

Published by the Senior Class
Baghdad College, Suleikh, Iraq.
Jacob Thaddeus

... ... Editor-in-Chief. $\quad$| Yves Abboud |
| :--- |
| ... | ... Business Manager.



REVEREND FRANCIS B. SARJEANT, S. J.
PRESIDENT
d



## ALBERTO DEMARCHI

"A certain nervous chap."
Anon.
"The certain man" has puzzled Rev. Fr. Sheehan many a time with his "certain" way of expressing "certain" scientific terms. Life's ambition to become a doctor.


## ALFRED YOUHANA

"A kind and generous heart." Macaulay. "Basrawi" is the tallest boy in Fifth but not the oldest. He is one of the best physicists of the class Life's ambition to become an electrical engineer.


ALEXANDER SARGIS
"He sits high in all the people's heart." Julius Caesar.
"Alex" is Fifth's pianist and best tap dancer. Also B. C.'s baseball star No. I. In school his hardest struggle was against the unconquerable habit of missing the school bus.


## ANWER AZIZ

"I would not lose the pleasure of the eye." Shakespeare.
'Nuri' would never smile without having his shining pair of spectacles on his nose. He is Fifth's candid camera man but medicine is to be his profession.


## ARA KURKJIAN

"Let me have about me men that are fat, sleekheaded men and such as sleep o'nights." Julius Caesar.
"Chubby" is one of the fattest in the class and the most restless of the lot. He is the class A. No. I biologist. Llfe's ambition to be a doctor.


## EDMUND TOTOUNCHI

"I found no man but he was true to me." Shakespeare.
"Eddy" is the secretary of the class and the Sodality. A class leader in physics and mathematics. Also Fifth's best politician. Law is his chosen field of conquest.


ASHOD ABRAHAM
"Sport went hand in hand with science." The Princess.
Class sports captain and best athlete in games and in track events. Champion in handball, baseball, polevaulting, etc. His skill, however, does not stop at sports but carries over into the scholastic field also. Life's ambition to become a pilot and break all records.


## FARIS TESSY

"With malice toward none, with charity for all." Lincoln.
Faris is class treasurer and also master of the Sodality's money box. The most peaceful and easygoing of the group. Life's ambition to become a doctor.



## fathalla maghak

"His life was a ceaseless protest and his voice was a prophet's cry.'
W. Phillips.
"Fatty" won great fame among his friends with his endless flow of Arabic proverbs. A sports captain and outstanding member of the Sodality though always a leader of the opposition in its sessions. Bells alone could give end to his arguments.


## JACOB THADDEUS

"This was the noblest Roman of them all." Julius Caesar.
"Jack" was truly great for his hard study. Nevertheless, poetry was the food of his soul. He has held the class leadership since First High. Now President of Fifth, Editor of El Iraqi. He aims to be a surgeon.


## GILBERT JURGI

"A slumber did my spirit seal." Wordsworth. His ambition to become sports captain in Third High won him the nickame "Captain." He is the most gay and talkative fellow in Fifth but his 'sleeping sickness' in class offered a startling contrast to his usual behaviour.


JOSEPH AMIN
"He is an allegory on the banks of Nile." The Rivals.
"Pony" is a man of great talents. He won fame for his malapropisms in English. In Arabic, however, he is Fifth's best essayist and story-teller. His ambition is to become a great Arabic literateur.


## MARCEL PAHLAWAN

"With the most noble blood of all." Julius Caesar. Fifth's peerless spinner of tales and English literateur. His impulsiveness has won him great notoriety. VicePresident of the class since First High but at present he restricts himelf to the Sodality of which he is Prefect.


## SALIH SOUFFAIR

"And all be buried in his gravity," Julius Caesar "Sali" is conspicuous for his singularly fast and efficient method of reciting Arabic verse. Had many troubles but accepted them all cheerfully. Life's ambition to become a business man.


## SASSOON BAHARY

"Da Vincis derive in good time from Dellos." Browning
He is Fifth's authority in the Fine Arts, especially Drawing and Music. He drews forth beauty both by the pen and the violin bow. He desires to become an artist, thus carrying on the career modestly begun with the El Iraqi


YVES ABBOUD
"I am monarch of all I survey," W. Cowper.
'Bonbon' is Vice-President of the class and the Sodality. Thus his voice has weight in the worlds of spirit and of matter. The fattest in the class yet the baby in age, We elect him as the most sociable member of the class. He is our class chemist No. I and will continue his studies in order to become an electrical engineer.



# Editorial <br> ACCOUNT RENDERED <br> by <br> Jacob Thaddeus '42. 



For the last six years "El Iraqi" has been a successfu! symbol of Baghdad College's literary courses as well as to her literary pioneers who have never hesitated to help their magazine as much as possible. El Iraqi has had a wonderful past which is the pride of every B. C. student.

This year we have tried our best to live up to that bright past and even to add a few laurels to it. First of all we have been able to put out larger issues this year. This of course has given a greater opportunity for the boys to write and see their name in print. Still another achievement of the magazine has been the increased number of illustrations designed by B.C. artists to the especial joy of the smaller boys. Moreover, this year El Iraqi donned a new robe. In our first issue we had a green and maroon cover, while in our second the legendary Arabs with their camels rode away, giving their place to a scene of Baghdad buildings with a shining cross of Faith and Knowledge shining above them.

El Iraqi's final achievement this year has been the printing of this last graduation issue. Two years ago our worthy predecessors took a great step forward printing El Iraqi and there is no doubt that their efforts were successful. We have followed their example and allow us to say humbly that we have added somewhat to their success. We have tried our best to have diverse contributions from every class which will be interesting to our readers.

We have been able to print this issue due to the interest and support of the Fathers, the students, and our many Baghdad friends. To all of these we extend our sincere thanks.

Thus El Iraqi comes to the end of its sixth year with a feeling of achievement. Keeping pace with it, another Fifth High also goes out to the battle fieid of the world to fight the good fight. We have done our job. We part with sorrow but not with regret. As a token of our gratitude to our Alma Mater, we of Fifth present to Fathers and students this our Graduation Issue and Yearbook.

## We Leave

We, the undersigned, solemnly declare that, after a long, prosperous and happy life, we leave the following possessions of the class for those fortunate ones who follow after us.

WE LEAVE Jacob's great speed and accuracy in Mathematics for Sami Lawrence to imitate in the golden days when he meets Fr. Sheehan.

WE LEAVE Marcel's favorite lucky number (553) for some other Don Juan to make use of in his conquests.

WE LEAVE Sassoon's fine art in making atíractive signs and posters to Naim Jamil, our skillful junior artist.

WE LEAVE Anwer's eye-glasses for Harith Ghanima to use in his endeavors to grasp the class leadership from Munther.

WE LEAVE Alex's dancing feet for Jalil Zuhair to imitate and thus improve his lessons to the boarders and we leave his peerless baseball pitching to Joseph Jurgi to enable him to have a better chance in winning next year's league championship from the present Fourth.

WE LEAVE Salih's speed in repeating Arabic poetry to Mr. Mohammed to bestow on whom he will

WE LEAVE Ara's dimpled smile to the beauty queens of Baghdad.

WE LEAVE Ashod's bulging muscles and athletic technique to all future champions of Baghdad College.

WE LEAVE Alfred's ingenuity in solving Physics problems by new methods to Fr. Sheehan to use in some fantastic hour when he gets stuck on a problem.

WE LEAVE Edmond's blushing countenance for Fathallah Loka to display to the giggling girls teasing him about his adventures.

WE LEAVE Faris' seriousness combined with Fathallah's invincible instinct for contradiction to future Leaders of the Opposition.

# When Fortune Smiles 

## A PROPHECY

by
Marcel Pahlawan ' 42 .
"No chance!" murmured Father Abboud, the new rector of Baghdad College, as he flung the papers he was studying hopelessly on the table. For the last three days figures had been haunting him. Baghdad College was under the strain of a severe financial crisis which he had failed to overcome. And besides, his dream of the future, his elaborate prospects, his schemes for the expansion of the College into Baghdad University were all smashed to bits by the cruel blows of circumstances. What could he do to save the situation ? He did not know. But an interview with a lawyer might prove useful.

He went to see Mr. Amin, a prominent lawyer. After a long period of patient waiting and of repeated

WE LEAVE Joseph Amin's fifty-fils words for some brilliant Second High student to use in Fr . Mahan's week-end composition.

WE LEAVE Alberto's pleasart smile to Fr. Devenny to award to one who needs it most.

WE LEAVE Captain Gilbert's "sleeping sickness" to the boys of Fourth to use in whatever class they deem it most necessary.

WE LEAVE Yves's cold-bloodedness for John Forage to use as an invincible weapon againts his ruthless classmates.

WE LEAVE the combined unequalled intellectual ability of the class for some other bright class who will make B. C. as proud of them as we have made her proud of us.

And finally we leave our sincerest thanks to all the Fathers, wishing from the bottom of our hearts the fulfillment of all their dreams and desires.

Written on this, the Twenty Seventh day of May, in the year of Our Lord, Ninteen Hundred and Forty Two.

Yves Abboud<br>Vice-President of the Class

apologies by different secretaries to the effect that Mr. Amin was busy, Fr. Abboud was able to see the lawyer. When he came out, however, his face was grim. He had to make some arrangement and make it quickly lest worse things should happen to B. C.

Next Fr. Abboud had an interview with Messrs. Soffer and Bahary, Bankers. He was received with ceremony, listened to and generously given sympathy and encouragement. But the interview ended with a rather cold, courteous remark: 'Father, we are really sorry to refuse you a loan, but we are short of money ourselves" - an excuse which they, as well as Fr. Abboud, knew was out of place. For they wiere successful bankers.

No heart could have been heavier than Fr. Abboud's that afternoon. He saw the powers of disaster creep in, yet he could not ward them off. His meditation, however, was soon interrupted by the announcement of a visitor, that boyish, gossip-loving journalist, Fatty Maghak. Fr. Abboud had a great temptation to throw him out, but after a little consideration received him sternly.
"Why, Father," exclaimed the visitor, "you look twenty years older. What's the matter ?"

Fr. Abboud told him.And when Fatty was leaving, he remarked, "Don't you worry, Father. Tomorrow B. C. will be a university."

Of course Fr. Abboud did not take his words too seriously. He knew the speaker too well for that.

The next morning,the "Adventurer", Mr.Maghak's paper, came out with a few extra pages of pictures, sketches and plans of the proposed Baghdad University. And at the end there was elaborate praise for certain contributors.

When Fr. Abboud read the article, he got really angry. That story was a fraud. Not one word in it was within a mile of the truth. The plans were clumsy; the pictures and sketches false ! But it was too late. The paper was out.

Before Fr. abboud had a chance to do anything he received a telephone call from a "certain" man. "I am Senor De Marchi, Father. I have a word to say about Baghdad University. As I am a great architect, a great one indeed, I can see at a glance
that your plans are very, very poor. I will furnish you with plans that cannot be matched in the world. Plans in the new 'ben trovato' style, my style, my glorious style."
"But-"' began Fr. Abboud, who wanted to tell the truth about the plans. However, Senor went too fast. ' 'No, no ! I know that you want to thank me. I do not want your thanks. It is only my duty. Your university will be great." And the line was cut.

Fr. Abboud felt like strangling Mr. Journalist to death, but he had to remember that he was a priest and a rector. From that day on, Fr. Abboud was overwhelmed by hosts of letters from contributors to the new university. But what warmed his heart most was the support he received from his old classmates of ' 42 .

The first one he heard from was Alexander Sargis and his orchestra ! The Jazz King of the day promised to conquer the world by rhythm and present it to B. C. in the form of an art gallery. Why not ? Music money was easy.

Then a cable from Basrah told Fr. Abboud that all the dates of Basrah were his. Mr. Alfred Youhana, head of the Iraq Date Corporation, contributed this year's produce to Baghdad University.Father Abboud was really happy. After all his dream was coming true.

A great chemist wrote next from California and contributed an up-to-date chemistry laboratory. Why not ? Dr. A. Abraham M. R. C. C. with his great achievements could easily offer his last Nobel Prize to B. U.

When the doctors, although they thought themselves immune, contracted contribution fever, Surgeon A. Aziz M. R. C. U. S. offered to occupy a chair at B. U. And the great Jack Thaddeus M. A., M. R., A. S., M. D., inventor of a new anesthetic which helped surgeons do miracles, promised to put up the medical school.

A few days later Fr.Abboud received three visitors. The first was an officer, a Captain Gilbert, who did not forget his beads. The second was Edmund Totounchi A. I. C. E., a civil engineer, who promised

Class History<br>by<br>Edmund Totounchi '42.

Early in the morning of October 3rd, 1937 the green and maroon busses of B. C. went rattling through Rashid Street on its way to Suleikh. About an hour later, after Holy Mass, a bell summoned the boys to assemble in the yard for a speech of welcome by the Dean, Father Sarjeant. Among that crowd of young Iraqis was a row of small lads, all red and shy, but ready to begin their first day of school at B. C. A few minutes later we were led to the First High classroom by Father Miff who explained to us the aims and rules of the school. He told us that he wanted to make us true men, but manhood seemed far away to us.

Most of us were former students at the Latin School and good friends. Moreover, we had Mr.Bechir a former Latin School teacher, with whom we had spent about four years. All these factors helped us feel at home from the first. We recall two picnics during that first year, one to Shahraban, the other to Ba'quba. Though we have forgotten the first almost
to work out the stress and strain on every square inch of B. U. The third was Ara Kurkjian, a goodnatured fat man, who owned a department store, and who never failed to serve some of the customers himself. The reason ? He alone knew. He offered the rector a fair amount of rg20 furniture.

One day Fr. Abboud was scolding the journalist Fatty, when he received two letters. One was from a physicist, Marcel Pahlawan, who had been working at an electrical experiment unsuccessfully for over ten years. He offered to teach physics if he were wanted. The other letter bore the stamp of Alaska. It was from Faris Tessy, a missionary there, who had nothing to offer save his prayers. And that was what Fr. Abboud wanted the most.
"You see," said the jounalist, "your dream has come true."

Ah, yes !" said Fr. Abboud. "When Fortune smiles ..................."
entirely, we cannot ever forget the trouble we had in crossing the flooded streets to reach Yves Abboud's garden in Ba'quba. Two other great events of that first year were the Spelling Bee and the Arabic Proverb Contest. Jacob Thaddeus was victor of the former, Ferid Georgi of the later. 'By the way' and lest we forget, we had with us then Father Cheney, a young spirited Father, who gave us 'fine' Geography and History sheets.

Before we realized it, we had passed over into Second High and the domain of Father Mahan. The very first day he explained to us that the name 'Mahan' meant 'hard work'. And so it was, especially the geometry. For history we had Father Hussey, who explained to us in English an Arabic text. We shall always think of him when we hear the name 'Marwan'.

With Third High we must open a new page in our accounts. Up until now we had been small boys. Now our introduction was at an end and we began our 'rising.' Our teacher this year was the newly arrived Father Armitage, who from his first class aroused our interest. Evidence of this interest was the 'Third Herald,' a magazine all our own, which was ample compensation for our loss in the track meet. A still greater evidence of our activity was the almost universal success of the boys in the government intermediate examinations.

Our fourth year was one of comparative leisure. So much so that a philosophy class was later added to the schedule. We enjoyed those classes with Father Gookin but he was soon taken away from us because of the many calls on his time elsewhere. Father Armitage occupied the vacant chair with an enjoyable course in Sociology. Our magazine continued to live, but under the name of 'Fourth's Herald'.

Now we have come to the last page in our accounts. We have become quite grown-up as Father Miff had predicted long ago. So much so that we did not even dare to enter the track meet this year. All our energies we have concentrated on studies, trying to get the most we can from this last year. We have enjoyed the Biology and Physics Labs and the interesting stories with which Father Gookin flavored his instruction. Even the last period of the day became interesting under the sway of Father Sheehan who, when things became dull, would always slip in a " teeny weeny" joke that would give us a rest for "two shakes of a lamb's tail".

Thus we come to the end of five long full years, years that are full of memories for us all. We only hope that we have realized Fr. Miff's wish and become at last "real men of Baghdad College" !

The Curved Road<br>by<br>Ara Kurkjan '42.


#### Abstract

"Lampson, James R., With Honor !" shouted the smiling announcer. There followed a terrific round of applause. No wonder, for there was not a single 'person in the school who was not fond of aimiable Jim Lampson. But Jim, though no one noticed it at all, was not enjoying that glorious day. He was not enjoying it for deep down in his heart lay a regret and a fear. A regret that the carefree life of a scholar was over for him; a fear of the hard struggle of life that lay ahead of him.


Struggle ! Why Jim couldn't even get near enough to the enemy for a struggle. Slam ! Bang ! This was the seventeenth door that had been slammed behind him. No hope of getting work. "If you care to write your name and wait ......" That's what they all said. Life, thought Jim, is not so easy as I used to dream, and honest jobs are surely as rare as snow in Baghdad. For awhile Jim tried to keep up his hope and humour but a few more slammed doors destroyed all that. He was through trying for an honest job. Some job he must have and the only alternative was a dishonest one. His empty stomach and his emptier purse both advised this.

Just then Jim's bitter thoughts were interrupted by a friendly tap on his shoulder. He heard a stranger say with rather an oily voice, "What could you be doing here in this park ? You don't seem to be too gay to-day, either."

Turning about, Jim saw a rather vulgar looking person, despite his fashionalbe clothes. After hesitating a moment, the stranger continued, "I bet you have been looking for a job, and failed ! Come and let us get a bite to eat and you can tell me your story."

Thinking that this prosperous looking person might offer him a job, Jim accepted the offer. "My story is just that I have no job and I can't find one," confessed Jim with a blush of shame.
"Well, my boy, " answered the stranger "all you have to do is to get on the right track, and the right track is often a curved one you know." This bit of wisdom he followed up with a sly wink.

The wink, however, was not needed for his meaning was not at all lost on Jim. In fact, it rather fitted in with his own line of thoughts. Then again, the fat roll of bills which the stranger took out of his pocket to pay the bill did not lessen its appeal. Late that night Jim made his decision. He would try his luck on the 'curved' road which most people call more bluntly by the name dishonesty.

Thus it was that the next morning found him hurrying down State Street with a 'curved' check in his pocket. He had a qualm of conscience, to be sure, as he passed St. Mary's church, but he raised his hat and hurried on till he reached the marble entrance of the City Bank. With head bent in deep thought, he plunged through the door only to crash pell-mell into a man dashing at top speed towards the entrance. He never reached it for he struck Jim with such force that both went to the ground in a heap. When Jim opened his eyes, he blinked to see two policemen clamping handcuffs on the other half of the collision. He wondered why it was not he instead. But no, a dignified gray-haired man was bending over him, saying, "Say, son, that was the finest tackle I've seen off the football field. You stopped this fellow from getting away with a forged check for a thousand dinars." Jim scrambled to his feet, still dazed. He was just in time to catch a glimpse of the fellow they were now leading away. "Great Scott," he said, "it's none other than my friend of the 'curved road'."

Jim was saved from further wonder by the brisk voice of the gray-haired gentleman. "Listen, son, we could use a strong young fellow like you around here. What do you say to working for us ?"

There was only one thing for Jim to say and he said it and never tried the curved road again.

We, The Youth<br>by<br>Clement Shammas ' 42 .

''Youth, Youth, spring of beauty, go ahead to the Truth,
For Time is running.
Youth, Youth, flower of humanity, open wide your arms,
For Freedom is calling !'"
Our Youth is eager to risk. They tell us, "Look out ! A little more slowly or you will break your neck !'" We answer only with a shrug of the shoulders and then go on as before. We know the flat road is more sure but the foot-paths are so much more beautiful.
"The weather is stormy." We answipr in cold blood, "It will stop." And we venture out into the storm. Our Youth is not to be wasted in the salon, waiting for the smile of a girl or the next tango. We want to be at large.

It is our way to disregard the experience of older persons. That has always been a sign of youth. Indeed, we are not wise boys, but neither are we reckless fools nor gatherers of maxims. To be happy in our own way we want to have a stake, one where we may lose all or gain all.

We prefer by far the hard life of the pioneer to comfort, activity to tranquillity, danger to security. "It is not common sense," they say. There is nothing to be said. We only know that this way lies our joy.

We like a life full of dangers. We do not like the ready-made and frequented roads. Our joy is to be the first. We are a vanguard. Thus we jostle what is before us and draw on what is behind us. Naturally, we get blows from both sides : that is the vocation of Youth who at last alters all. Nor do we like the ready-made systems. Whether we are sure to eat or not matters little to us. What is of worth for us is that our life should be beautiful and useful.

We are whole-hog or nothing fellows !

When a great ideal has captivated us and our minds have been enlightened by its nobility, we do not give money but we give ourselves for its achievement. Our minds and wills are fixed on its attainment so that nothing else matters. In its pursuit hesitation is unknown to us. We undertake our task at all risks. We proceed neither with half-measures nor with the golden mean of the weak and timid. No, we apply ourselves thoroughly, we lavish ourselves for we know that we are at the time of generosity, the time of friendship and love, and the time of great ventures and departures. Though the only things that remain in our hands are anxieties and suffering, still we know how to endure them and carry on.

Our youth demands loyalty. We have a need of experiences but we are not politicians. We are fellows who either succeed or break their necks in the attempt. When an ideal is right, it remains so forever. No expedient, no compromise is possible. Moreover, what is true for one is true for the other; what is true today is true tomorrow,for truth is one. Truth remains truth.

Our youth knows how to be faithful. We are not fellows who give up the fight at the critical moment. Nor do we desert our friends in their hour of need. We are faithful to our ideal, to our doctrine, and to our vocation. Why ? Because we believe that an ideal in worth dying for, that a vocation is worth abnegation, that a friend is worth sacrifice and hard blows.

And because we like the risk, we can give ourselves.
And because we are loyal, we want to give ourselves.
And because we are faithful, we know how to give ourselves. Our Youth.

Athletics<br>by<br>Ashod Abraham '42.

The hot summer days are at hand and our yearly sport activities have nearly come to an end. Nevertheless, despite the devastating heat of the season and sickening dust storms, the B. C. campus is not left bare and solitary. Our athletic program still continues on Numerous athletes, young and old, endeavor with utmost energy and unparalleled zeal to score a final success of the season of 1942.
INTER-CLASS SPORTS
The annual track meet being finished, the interclass basketball series was continued. All the classes had participated heartily in this famous league. Thanks to the cool and favorable weather which followed the Easter holiday the tournament went on smoothly and successfully. All the boys were hard at play and consequently many unusually interesting games were played before a cheering crowd of spectators. Even the Fathers sensed the spirit of rivalry in the air and came down to the court regularly to admine the grace and prowess of the athletes.

The winners of the league were the Second and Fourth High teams which faced each other in the final games. On the Fourth High team were Ghassan Shawkat, George Bakose, William Hoon, Hikmet Abbosh, Armen Kouyoumjian. On the Second High team were Richard Andrea, B. Atchoo, Louis Raffouli. Edward Tommina, John Metti. The whole school was present to see the match. The champions by their remarkable technique displayed real B.C.sportmanship worthy of congratulation. The game went to Fourth High.

## BASEBALL.

Once more we hear the cracking of bats on the baseball diamond. "ATTA Boy, home run !" Fr. Cronin, the sports manager, has promised silver medals to the winners of the class league. So all the teams are steaming with enthusiasm and the games prove a great success. The flies even meanace the distant windows of Fr. Hayt's library. Fourth and

# Our Lady's Juggler by 

Aram Seropian ' 45.

Everyone in Marseilles knows the beautiful park that surrounds the ancient Chateau de Pharo. Long ago a generous Empress presented this historic castle and its grounds to the city fathers and ever since that day the young and old of Marseilles have made it their favorite place of recreation. Every evening when the weary sun rests his head on the cool waters of

Third Highs beat all the other teams in a series of games and thus will face each other in the final game to be held on May Day. Wait for the results in the next El Iraqi. It looks like a victory for Fourth, but you never can tell in the final games.

## VARSITY SPORTS.

## PINGPONG.

This year Fatty Maghak was our only contestant to fight his way to the near end of the tournament. He finally fell in the semi-finals. Next year we are hoping to do a lot better.

## BASKETBALL.

The B. C. team entered the competition for the Dr. Hanna Khayatt Cup and beat the Royal Medical College team to enter the semi-finals against the Nadi Riyathi team. This game was played at the court of the Markaziya School. Our mighty captain Ghassan Shawkat marched with his followers to the field to meet the foe. Still, despite the fight we put up, we were vanquished by a stronger, better team. Yet our boys deserve congratulations for the excellent work they did.

And so we close the athletic program of this year. And in the name of all the athletes of B. C., whether they be our great champions or our little First High midgets, we thank Fr.Cronin,the director of Athletics and all the Fathers for the generous assistance and the ample encouragement they have given us to make this year the success it has undoubtedly been.
the Mediterranean, this park becomes as busy as a bee-hive Small boys and girls play hide-and-seck among the flower beds and shrubbery while their fathers and grandfathers, sitting on benches nearby, with their spectacles perched on their noses and their pipes stuck in their mouths, read the evening paper in peace and contentment. Despite the shrill cries of the children, the place has a tranquillity all its own. That is why, perhaps, that the local Romeos and Juliets used to like to come here at dusk and stroll up and down the shady lanes.

The most interesting thing of all about this park, however, was a small tent of bright blue canvas where a juggler performed his tricks for the young children and for grown-ups who still had the hearts of children. As a matter of fact even the juggler himself, though old and bent, still had the very blue eyes of a child. Always of an afternoon you would see small groups of people watching his tricks with such attention and astonishment that you would think he was performing a miracle. When he slowly swallowed a long sword, you could hear the squeals of the children and the gasps of their mothers. Then when he made ten francs out of one, you would see the men sit up and take notice. But the best trick of all was the one where he stood on his head and juggled four gaily painted balls with his feet. This trick was always kept for the last for it made the coins fall with more abundance into the old juggler's battered hat.

Out of these few coins the old juggler managed to scrape a poor but happy existence. That is until the year of the great famine in France. Then there seemed to be no more coins. One could hardly beg a crust of bread. Nor was it a strange sight for the juggler to see the corpse of a stricken traveller by the roadside. Our poor juggler kept wandering up and down the villages, searching for the coins that would keep the wolf of hunger from his door. At last one day he too fell beside the road out of sheer weariness. Luck or rather Heaven was with him, for a monk from a nearby monastery discovered him and took him to the monastery, where he lay ill for several weeks.

Not until the first days of May came around did our poor juggler recover well enough to do odd jobs about the monastery. It was the month of Mary when the faithful brought their flowers to Mary's shrine. Every monk was busy doing something to honor Mary. Some printed beautiful Missals. Others wrote sermons about the Virgin or said extra prayers in her honor. Now the juggler had always loved Mary from the day his mother had taught him the Hail Mary on her knee. He wanted also to honor Mary, but what could he do ? He could neither paint, write or pray in Latin. Finally, he hit upon a plan.

One day just before sunset he slipped into Our Lady's chapel. No one was there for all the monks were at their work. The old juggler stood in front of the great marble statue of Mary and slowly performed all his tricks, all the while talking and explaining his tricks as he did for the people. He had never done them better before. Finally, he came to his last trick of juggling four balls while standing on his head.

Time, however, had slipped past more quickly than the juggler realized. At this very moment the great doors of the church were opened and the monks filed into the church for their devotions. Imagine their astonishment when they saw the juggler standing on his head before Mary's statue, all the while tossing four balls up into the air with his feet. A loud murmur passed down the file of monks, for at first they were angry. They thought the juggler was irreverent. They soon changed their minds for looking up at the great marble statue, they saw a beautiful smile on the face of the Virgin and a soft light from her robes that fell down on the topsy-turvy form of the juggler. Then they understood that Our Lady accepts every gift presented to her with love and faith, no matter how poor the gift is. And after that day the old man was never known by any other name than that of "Our Lady's Juggler"

# Whose Last Date Is Death <br> by Elwin Kennedy '44. 

Baghdad was having its 'Fifty Days' - days of intense heat. Hence it was that I determined to seek relief in the mountains of Lebanon. When wie left Rutba, our bus was speeding along a wild sandy track which seemed to be endless. Looking out of my window, I could see nothing but sand and sky. Thus I was amazed when, after a long period, my eyes caught sight of a heap of sand resembling in shape a human body. As we approached closer, the resemblance became more marked. I was convinced that it was a human body buried under the sand.
"Say there, will you stop for a second ?'" I yelled to the driver. The bus slowed down and stopped. I hastened my steps towards the strange heap. Scraping away the sand with my hands, I discovered that my suspicions were correct. It was a human body. My next step was to search the unfortunate man's pockets for some sign of identification. I found nothing but and old red-covered diary. Turning over the pages hastily. I found nothing of special interest until I reached the last two pages. Then I felt as if my heart were held in an icy clutch and a cold shiver went up and down my spine.

May. 21st. - "I departed from my companions who were lost and hungry, and went to fetch firewood. Wandered till evening, finding nothing. Slept on the sand."

May 22nd. - "I continved the search. Suddenly the sky became a reddish black. A shrill sound from the south. It was a sandstorm. I can hear a car coming in the distance but it must be quite far awav yet. My mouth and nostrils are filled with sand. No strength left to shout to the approaching car. This is my last hope. I feel that I am going to die for I can struggle no longer against the sand that is burying me. I am

May the soul of this man who thus wrote his last entry of death rest in peace !

# Tigris Tangents <br> by <br> Munther Fettah '43. 

## HURRAH FOR HOLIDAYS :

"Boy, oh boy ! What nice, beautiful long holidays !" This cry of joy and many others similar were heard on the campus after the announcement of the Easter Holidays. March 2gth. to April 12th ! Though we love old B. C., still we were glad to see that long stretch of leisure for we were all tired and needed a rest. The reason for the length of the holidays was that the Prophet's Birthday happened to come just at the end of the usual Easter Vacation.

## RETREATS :

The annual three day retreat took place on March 29-3I for Fifth High students, who made a closed retreat at the boarding house under Father Sheehan's direction. The other class had their retreat from April 13-15. First High boys made their retreat under Fr. Paul Abraham at the boarding house while the other classes made their retreat under Fr. Devenny in the school chapel.

## VARIETY :

Variety, they say, is the spice of life. Here at B.C. we have no lack of it. Just when we are getting a bit weary of a certain order, there comes a welcome change. For instance 'Summer Order.' This went into effect on our return from the Easter Holidays. It means that the first bell rings at seven o'clock and the last at twelve noon. This gives us a chance to enjoy our noon meal with our family : also for a needed siesta during the hot hours of the afternoon.

## BROWN-OUT :

On the mid-afternoon of April 28 a great sandstorm swooped down on Baghdad, making the sky above as brown as the earth below. So charged was the
atmosphere with sand that it was difficult for one to breathe or see more than a few feet in front of himself. most of us fled to shelter and watched this weird phenomenon in comfort. The boarders at the time were playing off one of their league games and so great was their enthusiasm for the game that they entered the school with some reluctance. Baghdad papers reported this storm as one of the most severe in years.

## MARY'S MONTH :

May is Mary's month all over the world. B. C. boys expressed their love and devotion for Our Lady in several ways. They gave up a few minutes of their long recreation period to devotions in the school chapel. These devotions consisted usually of a hymn, prayers, and the reading of some devotional book by one of the students. Also, on the first day of May medals bearing the impression of Our Lady were distributed to the boys who wore them faithfully during the month in honor of May. Finally, each classroom had its own small shrine which the boys themselves kept supplied with flowers.

## KING'S BIRTHDAY :

On May 2nd., the birthday of His Majesty Faisal the Second, a holiday was announced to celebrate the joyous occasion. All boys were requested to pray for the young King and to beseech God to make his reign long and prosperous.

## RECOVERY :

On may 5th. Shwan Baban returned to us after a fierce struggle with meningitis. He succeeded in mastering it and that in a wonderfully short time.

## INJECTION HOLIDAY :

There's no cloud without its silver lining. On May 9 the students were inoculated against typhoid by a doctor sent by the Ministry of Education. On May I3 came the Fathers' turn for inoculation. So many were indisposed on the following morning that the Mudeer dismissed school after May devotions and a short baseball game.

## SWIFT TEMPO :

Around the end of May things at B. C. begin to move at a faster tempo. From May 16-20 there were preliminary exams for students of Third and Fifth who are taking the Government examination. At the conclusion of these exams Fifth High devoted itself exclusively to preparing for the government examinations. Nine days later Third High left school for private study at home.In the meanwhile boys in First,Second, and Fourth High were not idle. Repetitions began for them on May 26 in preparation for their final examinations on June ro-13. The boys for the most part have worked long and hard and we wish them all success in their examinations.

## MAY DAY :

This year May 30 was chosen for the annual May Day and the Sodality Reception. The day began with a Mass in the school chapel celebrated by Most

Reverend Monsignor Nerses Tairoyan D. D., the Armenian Archbishop of Mardin and Baghdad. At $8: 45$ there took place the impressive ceremony of the reception of new members into the Sodality and crowns of flowers were offered to Our Lady by each class. Later on in the morning a reception of badges was also held by the League of the Sacred Heart. Truly the May Day ceremonies are a convincing proof of B. C. boys' devotion to Our Lady.
SUMMER SCHOOL :
Z
During the vacation months this year it is planned to hold a summer school at B. C. Every Thursday morning a bus will be sent to Baghdad to collect the boys who wish to attend. The day will begin with a Mass at seven o'clock. After mass there will be outdoor and indoor games. The library also will be open for those who wish to borrow books or read there. We hope that many of the boys will table advantage of this opportunity for recreation and instruction.

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ساعات الازنلس . عبر الجار لطبض ونامقى بوراد ثارع الرّيد - بنداد

أخبار آخر في الساءة السادسة والدقية الـامـاهـة في الساعة الثاهمنة والدققية الغامسهة


 .



 الخالالد حتى حان وفت الهشاء فاخذ كَل واحـ يَّص على






مـم

الوالدة الداءْة المساعدة ه ه. وذلاك على شرف هذه ها الصورة




عضو فیها
 شهن ور ك.وا قاربا بخاريا اخخ .




 فت الاعلا بي الهـ الهامس الاءدادي

فلا عجب اذا نسمع بن طالاب كلية بغداد على يُين تام من المساعدات الجمة دراسية انات ام غير درابيمة التي تتكرم .
 الصورة من فروض الدڭك, والخضو ع لاسمطا في هذا السثر المقد شُر والدنتا هـم الهذر او

فُح الـ ساكـ ماغاك الطالب ي المف الما.م الاعدادي



 وبالةرب م, هـ ها المشه ترى


فنان مـُورو من ابرِع فُنافي القرن الما الث عشُ قام مي انتخاب الالوان الوهاجة الموافقة الفـن
 رسموطالا صورة , الداهة على وطهة




 هذا التاجر التقي وكان آخر شي• تلفظ به ما مآلتي ها احترهوا
 وضعت الصورة في الـكنيسة المذ كورة واخذ الناسيتو افدون

 عندما دخلت روما جيوش نابلمون همتصرة وكانت حادرنة









 الجال وغإية في الالكمل .

الالشهورة كو نبليه في فر نسا وسالز نو بإيطا ليا ـ و كان فيه صور


 الامراض المستعصية فكذللك كار المز بيون في القرون

 وهكذا كانت بلادنا مثار اعجاب العالم ودهشته .




 آمال فيصل. الاول في عهـ فيصل الثاني

ولهل اشير الطباء العرب في عهر الهرب الذهبي ثالاة :
















 هـة طويلة لم يبق اي كتاب قبله . (




 طبهات عديدة فيالبيدقية عام اكسفورد عام IVYA وظل الاور بيون يدرس سون فيجاتمانهمهم

واهتوواعداواة امهاض الميون والحصبة والجدري واشْتهروا



 وكا كثر عدد الاطبا. فكذلاك كثرت المستشفـيات


 الى الاعجاب



 همروف ) شديدا الاتصال بالطب وقد ثبت الآن ان العرب







 السائل المعروف باء الماك ( نتروهيدرو كوريك ) الذي



السِع سين قامت الدولة الاموية بالاند اس . فال الناس فيهذه المدة أي ني زم, الخالافتين الاموية والهمامبية في الشثرق والاموية في


. كانت حضارة جبارة لا


 والتارِح يشهد اعظم حضارة لمهت


العر بية

 بيب ان لانتسى ان الالم آنذالك كن ساذجا ايضا وكا .





الدم الغاسد او الزاند بالحمجم ) استاق العرب ع ساروا الى العلما• ينشرو الاسلايي فيكل مكان وكنتيجة رُقي الاهة العر بية نمدهـ العلوم كلا وعلى رأسبا عل الطب ولا أوني هنا ان ان امرد كا

 طالبا م 1 كمل دراستي الثانوية بعد .




若

مسبب الشُرور وباعها فقام الحن

 في الـرب الأولى وهذه آيات الفن
 ,













 أن نتول ان ليس في زمن المرب من انتاج فني




واضنحة لميل الانسان ورغباهن نكو الجال والإبداع •
v-4.! الطالب في الهـ الانس الاعدادي

الحرب واتتسُرتاهوالـا . . . ونامت الشهوب تنطاحن فِّا يِنها





وفي وسط هذا الـجر الهانُ سكت الفـ، بانتظر سكون



 الارشُاد والمداية واكـن هل من قرار وهو قَد وقن وسط



 "ل
وان هذه الموسيتى لمي اسوع واحلى من سابْتبها فهي تطرب
 .
فُح الذّ وسنف لونا الطالب في لامغ الرابع الاغدادي
 وارواحهم الؤابة بشكل جذاب باه علم عل على رفع هستوى

 استحالة درر يضم امتزاج الوسيقتين وتهاربها فالموسيقى


 ونجهت اساليبه ـ كما انتا لو وجهنا نظر الما الم الموسيقى المزبية
 شرفية وضها فنانون اوريبون اعجبوا بالثرق وموسيتاه . أضن الى ذلك ان اسبانيا فردوم العرب المتود لم معرف


 وتَاليده ولا غرو فان الاسبان م م من دم العرب عهازجوا

 فاكتستت عوارض البرنس ونظذت الى اوربا ولم تكتفي

 في كل بكان فيبطاح الريـ المادي وارووة المدن العاذبة .






 !ل مْوهتم في بيض الاواحي • الما الموسيتى الاوربية فهي

















 , الاختــالاطات والانانلابات والثورات اوهت غخالف


والشُبه ينها ومصادر الاقتباس . يذهب الـكثيرون الى ان




نز عصرنا الـاضر واقبـوا علهِا اقبالا مفرطا بسـترعي الانتباه ويبش المر بمستبل زاهـ لمذا الفن المجيل الذي

 ذلك الاقبال الاجاعي على الموسيقى ذلا لان لان قلوب شبا بنـا




 هغونها . ولا احوج اللى الموسيقى مشل الشمباب فهي الـا ولافز والدافع والباث والمؤر وهكذا شاءت الا قدار الن تبقى



الـككع وتعلقهم السدليد بآ ياته وبيناته النيرة .




- وr
,انتا ان اردنا ان نجيس ما حظينا به من فن الوسيقى
 نتارن بين الموسيقى الغربية والشرقية في جمع ادوارها حتى الما










 وسفض أمتى
الطالب في "هف المامس الاءدادي


## "láa

اقام طالاب لجنهة الخطابة العربية حفلة مباراتها السئوية
 الموافق

 , الاعضا. بـغون الطالاب الآية الماومّ : الأول - فتح الهُ وسف ولا وا

الثــاني - هـذر فتاح باشـا .
الثالث - مارسيل بهلوان



 اللذة والشوق وفيه تصوبر احوال الشهب وميـيشته وطرق




 المجنع هو كذلك كالني يصور ان ولداً من الاو الاد الموك

 وحاز على كل لذة ابتغاها وتاقت نفسه اليها . وهكذا صور المرأة وقد جردت من انسانينها وسلبت من حرينها وحقوروا , اصبحت وسيلة لذة لاسنتاع الرجل فقط فهي جاهلاة غبية
 ان التراث العربي في ادب القصة عندالمرب هو بالا شاك
 ذلاك لا يككني لتطور المياة العقلية الحمدينَ عندنا فيجب علينا
 الأربب وقرانحه .






والأصص الثي انرت فئجهور
 النا طبية المجتم في ذللك الهـه وا
 وغايات واعمال وهذه تَمثل باجلى مظاهـ مها ني ككاب الف لِالة ولِلة




 , الحُطرعن بنات جنس女 . كان هذا الملك لابرى البر أة إلا لِلة واحدة فتزف اليّ مساه وعند الصباح بأحس بِتلبا
 بنغس4ا وهي بنت وزير لتبعد الحطر عن بنات جنس ونا وهكذا
 ان بیضه منفول عن المند وفارسثم تربم الى المر بية في اواخر








 هن حوادث الـب والنفوروالحرب والسالام وفِّاءز

الانسان في بجيع اطواره .
 حروب عنترة ووقائع بني هالال وخاطر ابن ذي يز يزن فيصور
 وحوادث الغز ام العجيبة .
ع انتشرت معامات لبديع الزمان المهذاني ومعامات


 . في العزن ن الثا



 דیر ابمr كثيرين بعده .

 احد الجراب المة..










الأبَ جورج هوبت الــرعى























 الكنب القية لـكي يتهكن الطالاب بن الاطلاع على كموز النافد

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { القسم العـرلى }
\end{aligned}
$$




















 مقام النقاوة والمدوه .









 الهالق كالنر الما البحر





 وعلى كثرة با فــكرت في اهـها




 كَ وَقف النار الانسد .


 طال ارقي اتع سير هذا البجار من الهي الى الهي الهد من المبال التر كية الى خليج ال! الـمرة . ارى اولا عل ولادته اي ينايع الْمر في الجيال . من









 ,لـكن هذه السـادة لا تدوم إلا وبيفبها شقاه والبال

## الفهــت




$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { النشرة الـنوبة الي يصدرها طالاب الصi المامس المتي من } \\
& 9 \rightarrow+\infty \\
& \text { بنراد -الصلبخ }
\end{aligned}
$$

